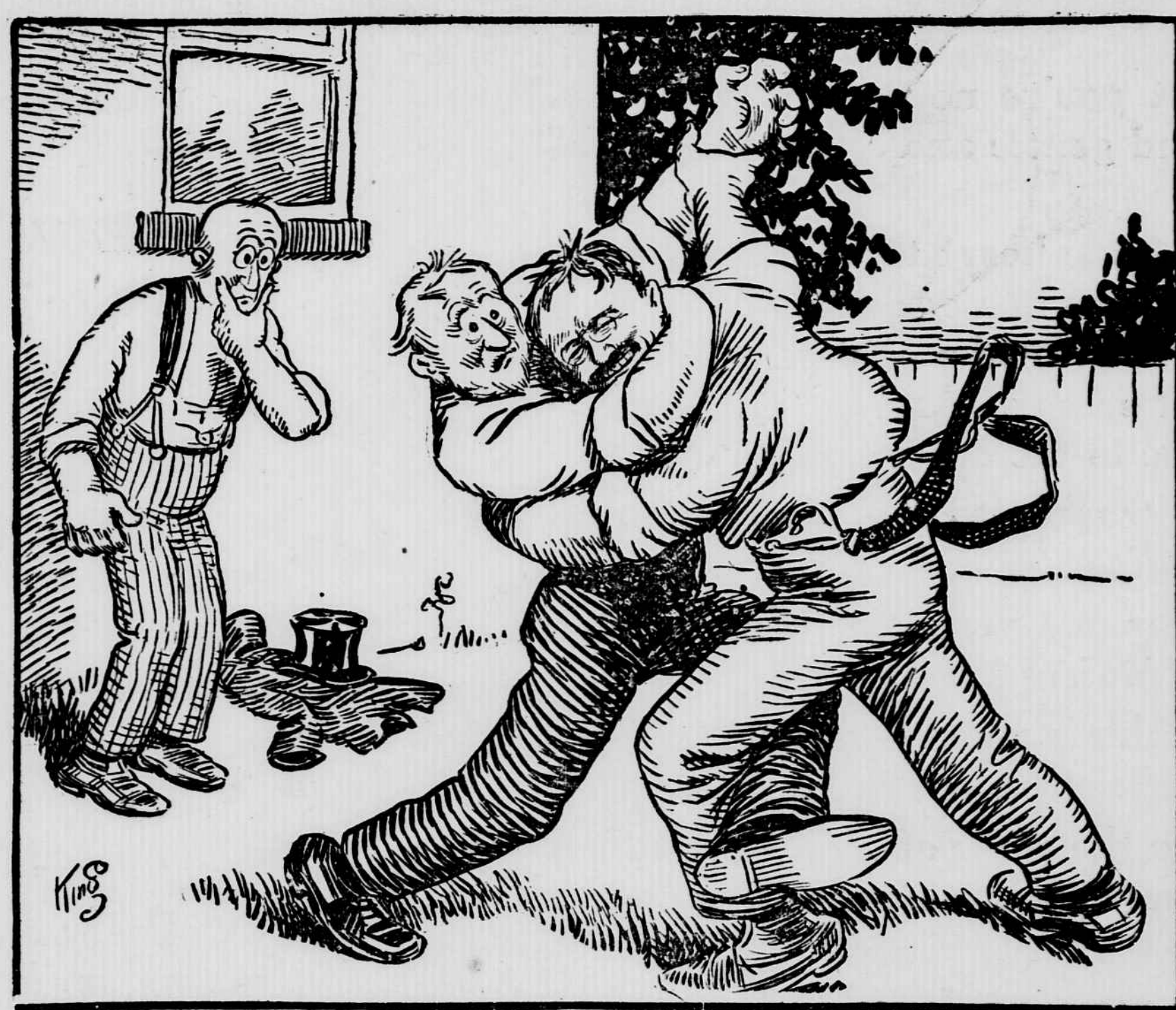


A black and white illustration of a man sitting in a rocking chair on a porch. The man is balding with a mustache, wearing a dark vest over a light-colored shirt and light-colored trousers. He is pointing his right index finger upwards. Behind him, a bowl hangs on the wall. The porch has a wooden railing, and the background shows a dark, textured area, possibly a wall or foliage. The style is a simple line drawing with cross-hatching for shading.

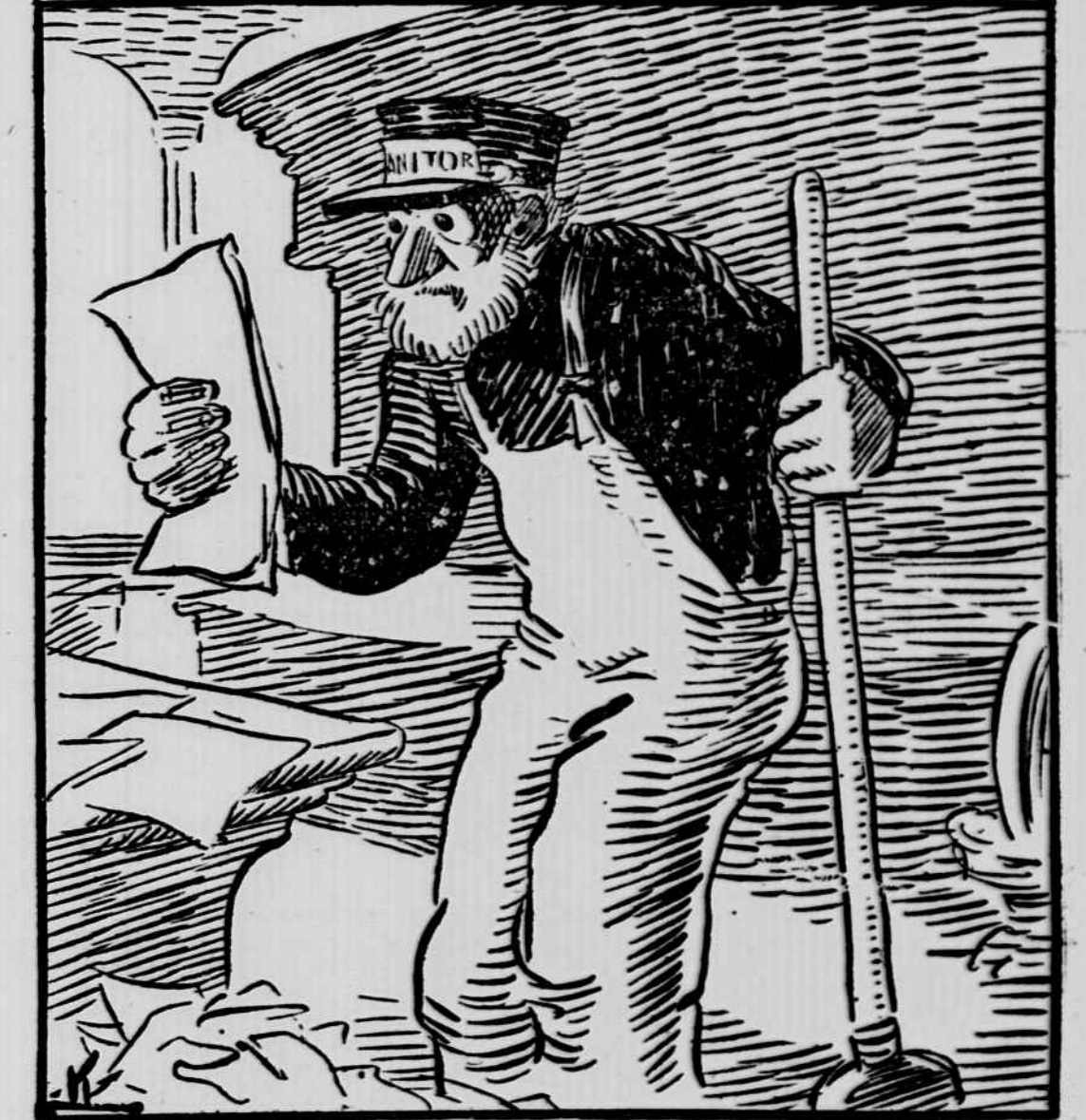
"Whin me frind Tiddy Rosenfelt was  
over on th' south side I didn't have to  
re-thead th' bulletins to know how he was  
gettin' on. Whin th' docks were ex-  
plainin' in simple language how manny  
lookosites an' nootryphiles had got into  
him I turned to th' 'Iditioral colymus in  
me favrite journal, which loves him so



'An' whin I r-rhead: 'No amount iv proper sympathy fr th' victim iv wound so thrivval that no wan wud care if it happened to us, should distract th' minds iv th' people fr'm th' fact that th' very foundations iv th' republic is still in danger,' I threw th' paa-per to the ceilin', an' says I: 'It's all right. He's

that it don't do him no good to pull an spur an' holler 'gid ap,' or 'whoa,' or 'gee.' Th' distinkies iv th' republic go gallopin' on regardless iv him. They don't know he's thryin' to guide them. If they did they'd stop an' buck-jump him off their back.

"Sure, half th' time ye wudden't know



**A**LOW, red Seneca sandstone wall topped with thick slabs of Potsdam bluestone stretches away to the right and left—north and south—along the west side of a yellow road, dusty or muddy, lined with telegraph poles

of wire, and fringed on one side with wild grasses, not rich and radiant with autumn color. Behind the red stone wall are massed old oaks, white and red; tall, sharply cedars, somber spruce and ornamental arbor vitae. This wall is pierced with a number of gates, all of which are of the same simple, only utilitarian. The central one of these gates ways that are beautiful rises high above the red stone wall. Here, swinging on giant hinges, are two heavy iron gates, black and gold. In the middle of each gate, circling a silver-hued protuberance, are the words "Duke of Decorum est pro Patria Mori." This gate is open from sunrise till sunset. The iron gates are flanked on the north and south sides by a wall of Potomac bluestone more than twice as high as the gate itself. The wall is composed of gray stone wall is a plinth of sandstone, and from this rise four sandstone columns coated white. Slightly over half way between base and capital on these columns are names deep cut in the stone. From left to right the names are: "inscribed 'Scott,' the next 'Lincoln,' the next 'Stanton,' and the northernmost pillar 'Grant.'" Across the tops of the columns is a heavy entablature chiseled with this inscription:

he columns rests a heavy entablature inscribed:

On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Two adjacent tents this spread;  
And Glory guards with solemn round  
The dead of both the dead.

Above the entablature is a low cornice well inscribed:

"Here rest 15,506 of the 35,553 citizens  
who returned to their country from  
1861 to 1865." Above all other inscriptions  
is this, in great gold letters: "Mc-  
Cleskey."

The ground corners of the gateway are  
shielded from passing wheels by four  
small iron cannon set nearly upright.  
Inside the gate on either  
side of it is a big iron cannon planted up-  
right, breech down, with a cannon ball  
resting larger than the bore resting in  
the muzzle.

\* \* \*

The road through this gateway is the  
original road into Arlington. It was the  
road by which the place was entered  
when George Washington Parke Custis  
and his wife, Mary Fitzhugh, lived there.  
It was the road used by Robert E. Lee  
and his children up to the time of  
their departure for Richmond, in the  
spring of 1861.

There is a proposal that the govern-  
ment of the United States shall construct  
a road from the south end of the bridge  
way back to Arlington. The gateway  
at Arlington to avoid the long detour by  
way of the Washington-Alexandria road  
the Columbia turnpike and the old George-  
town-Alexandria road. There used to be  
road cross-roads to Arlington long, long  
before the civil war. The gateway  
at Arlington was effaced. It started at the  
south end of the Long bridge, traveled  
northwest, following the bank of the river  
for one mile, and then turning west  
across what is now the upper part of the  
Washington-Alexandria turnpike. It was  
in the Department of Agriculture. In  
crossing this part of the Arlington low-  
land, it crossed the Washington-Alexandria

were growing there before the sun rose on the red and black days of '61.

\* \*

### At the Last Lock.

**T**HE last lock, or it may be the first, of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal is at 20th street in Georgetown. There the canal joins Rock creek. Twenty-ninth street crosses the canal on a stone viaduct. On the east side of this viaduct is a brick balustrade topped with a wooden balustrade and its top cement coping and over the picket fence, and when the boat is ready to pass under the viaduct the line is cast off and is hooked on as soon as the passage has been effected. In this process the towline passes over the north-west angle of the balustrade and its picket fence.

It is interesting to note the effect of the stone balustrade as embodied in the top of the cement coping of the east balustrade are two long, wide iron plates as defenders. Deep grooves are worn in the iron plates by the ropes. The iron picket fence surmounting the west balustrade furnishes the strongest illustration of the wear and tear of the ropes. The iron pickets are an inch in diameter and of wrought iron. The tops extend five inches above the topmost connecting link of the fence. Forty-one of these pickets heads have been sawed off by the ropes and the others are being cut nearly clean through. The thick iron rail or rope through which the pickets rest is now being sawed through in half a hundred places.

\* \*

Thirtieth street crosses a lock of the

who opens and closes the lock where Jefferson street bridges the creek. The "pump" is a rope, through tough iron is wearing on a knife, and there is no way of telling how much manila also wears on the pump. The pump is cut in cutting the tops off those iron bars.

"A towline is three-quarters of an inch in diameter and they run from sixty to seventy-five yards long. The average towline is about sixty-five yards long. The diameter and they run from fifty to a pound in large quantities and furnishes them to the boatmen.

"The life of a towline is about two trips from a land to Washington. Then it is an old, badly worn rope, and it will probably have some knots in it. The life of a towline is about two trips; that is, from Washington to Cumberland, because the boats usually go down the river. The boatsmen have a general rule to tow up stream with an old line and to use their newest line for the down river. The boatsmen have taken many ropes a long time to cut through those iron rods."

\* \* \*

### The Old-Time Bread

COUNTRY people are rapidly acquiring the habit of eating white bread, or have already acquired the habit of eating bakers' bread. It was only a few years ago—when people that are middle-aged were boys and girls—that bakers' bread, or store bread, or manufactured bread was spoken of in the country with a sneer. The country people, the people that they ate homemade bread, and with the country people in the region around Washington it was the boast that they ate hot bread three times a day. Breadmaking was almost a continuous occupation in the kitchens of Maryland and Virginia.

A remarkable change has come about. Either the professional baker has improved his product or the country housewife has lost her cunning, or it may be that the purchase of store bread involves less of the baking of home

in the immediate territory surrounding them.

\* \*

Bakery wagons cover routes out of Washington and lead deep into the country. Many of these are motor wagons that run twenty miles away from Washington in all directions besides supplying stores that are far off the main roads.

The local trains going out of Washington carry the families, big and small, and they go out empty coming home. The steamboats on the Potomac supply that river and its numerous tributaries carry down boxes of bread and flour, and up the creek, in broad boxes, at every little creek landing as far down as the Washington-Potomac boats go one hundred boxes of the best of bread and flour either inside or outside the little freight-house on the wharf. Perhaps on the average half the country's bread and flour is shipped out from Washington, passengers will note the wagons of country storekeepers, stores that may be miles back in the country from the wharf, waiting for the big boxes of bakers' bread soon to be slipped up an uncounted rustic ladder and quick-spread with much praised and much overpraised country butter.

\* \*

### Letters Wearing Away.

A GOOD many of the copper letters which were used to spell out the legends on the Albert Pike statue have disappeared. This statue-monument stands on a little hill in the Washington park, a little to the west of the park formed by Indiana avenue, 3d and D streets. The handsome bronze figure faces east and on the upper part of the pinkish granite pedestal, not far below the feet of the statue, are inscribed in bronze letters of "Albert Pike." There are legends, or there were, on each of the three steps that rise above the level not far above the topmost of the three stone steps that rise above the level of the street, and on the lower ends of the east face are the words

gambol there, and the granite steps reached the inscriptive lettering may be whence, show the marks of many feet.

\* \* \*

### Horses Inside of Autos.

THE surviving hitching posts and carriage blocks are reminders of the time when the proudest Washingtonians probed horses instead of good many little hitching posts around the city like luncheon. In front of the old home on 19th street and Rhode Island avenue is a horseholder in the form of a little black boy with an outstretched hand, and through this hand the hitching reins of many generations passed.

The familiar style of hitching post was an iron rod about two and a half feet long, with a hook at one end. In these old posts stand on the north side of Pennsylvania avenue near 19th street, one on 13th street west of Pennsylvania street, northeast, one on Pennsylvania avenue between 24 and 34 streets near the junction of B street southeast, and three near the old Navy hospital at Pennsylvania avenue and 9th street southeast. There is one of the old horse-head posts on 12th street near the old post office, one opposite the north front of the Library of Congress and one on 13th street near R street. The old horse-head posts with the hitching chains still standing on the north side of H street a few yards west of the old post office and on the north front of the Washington Public Library.

A double-headed horse post stands on G street near the old post office, and a hitching post resembling the park posts which supported the chains around Government buildings stands on 13th street between 13th and 14th streets. On the south side of Pennsylvania avenue between 22d and 23d there is a stone obelisk hitching post. This post has been used as a hitching post since Washington was a village.

There are more of the plain iron-rod hitching posts than the horse-head posts. One of these stands on Pennsylvania ave-

white clover have been sown and numerous varieties of coarse grasses have sprung up without invitation. The farmers of the county are beginning to find grounds upon these extensive grass fields when the crop needs cutting, or a "wash" when the park's are "washed" for mowing.

It is said that the "ghosts" of the "shocks" or "heats" of the "old" times are "coming back" and "taking up" into little piles and "showing" themselves to the eyes of the "vulgar" and "superstitious" interest ends. Little interest is shown in the "ghosts" of the "public property, or public forage," but it is appropriated by the first comer. In F.

## GHOST DIRECTSH

Special Correspondence of The Star

LONDON, October 18, 1912.

DOWN in the heart of Lancashire a little old village is in a flutter. A woman from London is there hunting with the aid of local volunteers, for a witch which was hidden over two hundred and fifty years ago, and which she believes when she is with the village will be the help to fortune of several hundred thousand dollars which is now in chancery.

She is doing this, she says, at the request of a ghost, a restless ghost who got into communication with her at the first spiritualistic seance she ever attended in her life, and told her that it knew where the witch was. John Bradley, a rich farmer of Cromwell's time whose lineal descendant she claims to be, who claimed to know of the whereabouts of the missing will, described itself as that of John Bradley's wife, the only person he told where he had hidden his witch's descendant.

Mrs. Anderson is not a spiritualist. She attended the seance in August last, and hardly was the seance in full swing before the medium announced that Mrs. Anderson was to come to the seance. Mrs. Anderson, as it could get no rest until a great

tomac Park a citizen who owns a number of work horses follows the national newspapers and soon has the park hay undetected.

In the White Lot, the Monument grounds, the Capitol and Smithsonian grounds, the hay was gathered and carried up into little heaps, and private owners quickly carry them off to feed their stock.

The program are not far behind the powers in gathering the crop. Much of the hay is carried to Bradley's work horses and it is believed that this grass carries happiness into many a human stall.

**THE MISSING SECRET**

A few months afterward he died, and all the rest of his kindred expected him to produce the missing will forthwith, but the old lady dissipated the will. She refused to tell where his last testament was buried, and after many family quarrels, she finally gave up the idea of the will on the part of the wrathful relatives, the latter gave it up and scattered the secret where she would. The widow promised that she would reveal the secret when she was dying and no more, but, when suddenly, says the legend, she died, she took with her what was the only one who held the secret was dumb.

Her death faint echoes of the secret have passed down from grandfather to grandson in the district, but the matter was forgotten there when it was recalled in dramatic fashion by the arrival of Mrs. Anderson from London. The latter said that her father had hidden papers in her possession which proved her to be a lineal descendant of John the seer. She said that she had been searching for his will never entered her head till it was put there by the spirit of the dead.

Mrs. Anderson did not take the first "spirit message" seriously, however. In a few weeks, however, when she was, after a few weeks back, she went to another seance. The restless shade of Mistress

Special Correspondence of The Star.

LONDON, October 18, 1912.

DOWN in the heart of Lancashire a little old lady, Mrs. Anderson, a woman from London is there hunting with the aid of local volunteers, for a will which was hidden over two hundred and fifty years ago, and which she believes when found will prove her to be the heir to a fortune of several hundred thousand pounds of the old money chancery.

She is doing this, she says, at the request of a ghost, a restless ghost which came to her in a dream.

At the first spiritualistic seance she ever attended in her life, and told her that it knew where the will was hidden.

She is a rich farmer of Cromwell's time, whose lineal descendant she claims to be, is buried. This place home is in Gunnersbury, one of the suburbs of London. The spirit who claimed to know the location of the will, described itself as that of John Bradley's wife, the only person he told where he had hidden his treasure.

Mrs. Anderson is not a spiritualist. She attended the seance at the invitation of a friend, and she was not there long and hardly was the seance in full swing before the medium announced that a spirit was present. Mrs. Anderson, who had been, as it could get no rest until a great widow to produce the missing will forthwith, but the old lady disappointed them. With a sternness equal to Bradley's own she refused to believe that the seance was buried, and after many family squabbles and many futile searches for the will, the seance was called to rest. The ladies, the latter gave it up and scattered to different parts of the country. They would not believe that the seance was the secret when she was dying and now before. Then suddenly, says the legend, the seance came back, and this time it was the only one who held the secret was dumb.

Since her death faint echoes of the story have passed down from grandfather to grandson in the district, but the mystery of John Bradley's will almost entirely forgotten.

It was recalled in dramatic fashion by the arrival of Mrs. Anderson from London. The papers in her possession which proved her to be a lineal descendant of John Bradley, and that she was the only one searching for his will never entered her head till it was put there by the spirit.

Mrs. Anderson did not take the first "spirit message" seriously, however. In the second seance she went to it. Then, a few weeks back, she went to the seance. The restless shade of Mistress

"Six columns erected in the portico of the war office, Washington, in 1818, were used by the demagogue John C. Calhoun, in April, 1859, transferred to the gateway of this, Arlington National cemetery." Above the entablature is a cornice wall inscribed in large letters with the name of "Sheridan." Hence, this is usually called the Sheridan gate of Arlington.

Follow the McCallan road and the red wall about a quarter of a mile southward and you stand before a massive, monumental red sandstone gateway. For years this gateway was twined round with vines, but these have been cut away. Two sections of the entablature are still standing, the south column being inscribed in large letters that are gilded "McCallan." Above

road and entered the main grounds of Arlington where the McClellan gate now stands.

A two-horse wagon that meets electric cars at the Sheridan gate is driven by Robert or Richard, The Star man forgetting which. Mr. Horseman is sixty-nine years old, and has been at the gate for more than those years. He remembers Arlin town before the heights were taken, possessor of a few troops, and long before soldiers were sent to the front. He remembers the Lees when they lived there. He used to join in the picnics at Arlington, and he remembers the time the Washingtonians took their outing. He remembers that, contrary to their practice, the Washingtonians did not go to the timber on the lower eastern slope of the Arlington, and that the oaks in that part of the estate—those under which tourists are wont to sit—were not cut down.

and these have been mostly sawed and timbered through by the wet and gritty ropes. Where the hempen line has touched the wood of the railing the top beam has been sawed through as though the timber offered little resistance to the rope.

Thirty-first street crosses the river at the foot of the bridge, and the streetway is also guarded with heavy iron stocketways. These have been sawed off or sawed away by the ropes, and the ropes have run deeply in many places, and it gives vivid idea of the frictional power of ropes. The ropes have been seen to pick up sand picked up by dragging along the ground.

Two willow loaded with wet sand, with two mules at one end and a canal boat at the other, will cut through almost anything it runs against, if you give it time.

It is a question whether homemade bread was always deserving of the praise that has been heaped upon it. Some homemade bread was as stiff as good, white, hot-baked bread, and still unfit to be eaten.

In this day every country store in Washington has a big box for bakers' bread. No matter how small the country store, it sells bakers' bread. The reason is that the country store may be a long way back from the arteries of travel, but bakers' bread may be made up there, or it may come by the farmer's loads, or loaves of the day before yesterday. Nearly all this bread is baked in Washington, still, a good deal of it in the city itself. Some of the large villages neighboring to Washington have bakeries and bakers

On the west front several of the letters of the inscription in the center of the architrave have been broken off so that the inscription reads "Phila—T—roplast, and the remainder of the inscription is illegible. The inscription is Erected by the S—preme C—nc— 133. A. S. A. S. R. of Freemasonry for the U. S. J. U. A. S. R. The inscription on the east and west ends of the south face were two words. Of these, only two letters remain and these, which are "P" and "T". The word at the east end is probably the remains of the word "Patriot." The word at the east end of the south face is "Patriot" and the word at the west end of the south face is "Tribute." The broken copper fasteners in the drill holes in the granite being visible. In the

of Lafayette Square near the Decatur house, situated at the corner Pennsylvania avenue, 23th and L streets, and several on 11th street southeast.

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### Uncle Sam, Haymaker.

The government of the United States is a haymaker. It harvests a large hay crop in Washington every summer. The crop is not baled or weighed and no record of the cut is kept, but anybody, by following the activities of the national farm hands, will note that the crop in a few grass years amounts into hundreds of tons.

The government devotes a larger acreage to hay than any other of the federal reservations in Washington. On that new land, red top, green grass year amounts into hundreds of tons.

Bradley, the wealthy Lancashire farmer, and told about the will that is supposed to be buried at Bradbury. The will makes his name John Bradbury, who lived there and owned all the land for some time.

Bradley was in his prime when the roundheads and cavaliers were at each other's throats. He was a Puritan, but not compromising a Puritan as Cromwell himself. He was famous for his tactlessness, rarely giving in to the demands of the king. In his old age, he said seldom to have spoken to her. When he drew up his will disposing of his property, he was very legal and declares that he told the mistress of his hiding place to no one but Mistress Bradley. He was very particular and did not to tell any one—even the other members of his family—where the will was hidden.

will, this time giving a description of Bradley Fold and certain landmarks that are so well known. This proved too much for Mrs. Anderson's patience, and, a few days afterward, she set off for the little Lancashire village. When she became known, several of the oldest inhabitants of the village volunteered information, and the following day excavations have been made in the neighborhood of the homestead where John

Mrs. Anderson spent the last week end at her home in Guntersburg, but, when seen, declined to tell that progress she had made in finding the last settlement of the old Covenanters. A friend, however, stated that she had great hopes of success in this matter. The messages received by Mrs. Anderson from her long-dead ancestor "most re-